

It is more profitable to have four cows of good producing power than to have eight cows of ordinary producing power.

...

The dairy heifer must needs have a good mother and a sire from a dairy strain, but must also have a dairy influence.

...

Cream that has been kept too long that is very thick and sour and that has not been stirred frequently will not make good flavored butter.

N. W. Pacific Farmer.

The Man Who Wins.

The man who wins is the man who does,

The man who makes things hum and buzz,

Who builds on a basis of solid facts,
Who doesn't sit down to mope and dream,

But humps ahead with the force of steam,

Who hasn't the time to fuss and fret,
But gets there every time—you bet!

The man who loses is he who talks,
Who fumbles and fozzles and trifles and balks,

Who wouldn't do anything to-day
That he can put off in the same old way;

Who's down on his luck and curses his fate,

And tries to catch fish without any bait;

Who goes through life with a frown on his face,

Convinced that the world is a mighty poor place.

FALLING AWAY FROM GRACE.

Every time, when Christmas comes
An' music fills the place,
I exercise my privilege of fallin' 'way from grace!

When I see these smart young fellers
lookin' mighty spruce an' prime,
I let 'em know thar's life still in the old boys—every time!

Must they have all the pleasure?—
ain't the old boys got no show,
That hearn the bells a-ringin' in the old days—long ago?

Returnin' thanks to Providence that
still we're feelin' prime,
We let 'em know life's thrillin' in the old boys—every time!

So, keep the fiddles goin', an' let the dance begin,

An' give the old chaps half a show,
you'll see 'em crowdin' in!

Fer every time when Christmas comes,
an' music's in the race,
We exercise our privilege of fallin' 'way from grace!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

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FLOWERS.

"I suppose," said the city girl who was passing a week in the country, "that you know all the different flowers?"

"I reckon mebby I do," replied the old farmer.

"What does a forget-me-not look like?" queried the girl.

"Oh," replied the horny-handed son of toil, "it's jist a ordinary knot in a string th' ole woman ties around my finger when I go t' teown an' she

wants me t' git sunthin' fer her."—Chicago News.

We like the spirit of the good woman who willed \$200,000 to make France moral, but the sum is so pitifully inadequate.